A NEW

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Squire Ketch

And the Dutchess his Wife;

Or *Squire Ketch* proved a *Cuckold*,

Upon a Tryal at *Hicks's-Hall*, a Court there held for *Middlesex*, on *Tuesday* 10th of this Instant *October*, 1699.

11. Octob. 1699.

Amongst all other Tryals, it is my hard hap to be forced to write upon two such Eminent and Noted Gentry as these are, which is Mrs. Ketch, *who bound her Husband over to the Sessions, for borrowing the use of a Black Image for a Bed-Fellow, the poor Gentlewoman, by reason she thought her self much wronged in the Tryal, or at least ways that she had not right done her, out of Revenge in the open Court, proves her most worthy Husband a* Cuckold, *as likewise her coming out in the publick Street, published him so to be: Thereupon gave him a Summons to Horn-Fair, thinking it highly his Business to appear amongst the rest of his Brethren, as 'tis a Yearly Custom, by which they hold the Charter.*

Ketch. Dame Sot, (I think I may with great liberty, call you so, because it is true, as I can prove it by two Witnesses, to these most worthy Gentlemen here assembled, on purpose to hear all Causes brought before them) Let's hear what you can alledge against me?

Wife. Why Sarrah? would but modesty admit me to speak, I could to your utter disgrace, make you ashamed of your Actions, but especially with those of that Black *Gypsie*, you elected for your Bed-fellow; the World knows her to be of the Devil's Complexion; and gone four Months with Child by you: Have not you a sober, modest Woman to lie by you, and by me have had these three prity Babes which I bore of my Body.

Ketch. This is not to the purpose: Let these worthy Gentlemen hear what you have against me.

Wife. So I will. May it please your Worship, he will not allow me a Maintenance, but rangeth about, Whoring too and fro in the Town, with a Black Whore, whilst I and mine want Bread. Is not this true Mr *Hangman*?

Ketch. No Huzzy, it is not; but here is a Woman will witness she see you a Bed with another Man, by the same token she pulled off his Slippers.

Wife. Why then you are a *Cuckold*.

Ketch. But that will not do, for me to take pains to get Money to maintain your Extravagances with your Rogues.

Wife. Sir, did not he take me for better for worse, for Rich or for Poor?

Ketch. And this is the way to make me poor, and you too as long as you live; and as for your calling me Hang-man, I have Hanged many better than you, and had need have a double Hangmans place after this rate. May it please your Worship, I have taken care of these three Children a long time, and have taken them off of the Parish, and I think it but Requisit that she should look after her self; for my Sallery is but Ten Pound a Year, the two Beadles will witness the same.

Beadles. Yes Sir, that is true, and for her part, she is a Sorry Drunken Woman.

Ketch. Sir, I am clear. Yes, you may go, but look after your Children.

Wife. Sir, I shall have them on my Hands in a day or two's time.—No, no, Mr *Ketch* will not serve you so, sure?.

Ketch. No, Sir, I will not. Well, Mistress *Sot*, you may go about your Business: I'll take care of the Children——And you shall not say I am dirty, I will give you a Note under my Hand.

Wife. Go hang your self, you *Cuckold* Dog, I do not care for your Note, I will have Security.

Ketch. If you will not have what I profer'd you, you may go about your Business, so Farewell and be Hang'd, that's as good as twice Good-by.

Wife. And Good-by to you, you *Hornify'd* Toad.

Ketch

Ketch. But do you hear? Could not you be contented to be a Squire's Wife, but muſt make him a Cuckold? Nay, not only ſo, but for no profit, neither to me nor your ſelf; Surely I would not Whore for nothing, nor altogether for ſwelling my Belly with ſtrong Beer, but would get ſome Cloaths to my back.—But you may be gone, like a Ragged Slut as you are.

Dutcheſs. I pray are you ſo free to your Black Lady, whom you ſo amorouſly ſmuggle every Night? But tho' ſhe be bad, ſhe is too good for you, I muſt confeſs.——So Farewell Mr *Cuckold*, though you had the Impudence to proclaim your ſelf one, It was not my fault, for I ſhould have kept it to my ſelf long enough, and the World not have known it.

Ketch. But you ſee you cannot, for the Horns muſt and will be ſeen at one time or another along of ſuch a Whore as you are; but it would not vex me, if for any profit.

MOST Worthy Squire thus did his Wife proclaim,
Him to be *Cuckold*, and his Name Defame:
Not only ſo, but he himſelf did prove
That his great *Dutcheſs* had another Love,
So *Horn Fair* being come, it is his place
With all his Brethren their to have a Race,
And he great Squire forced for to go
With Pick-ax, Shovel, and a Basket too.
Nay, we'll promote him Captain, and he ſhall
If that he live, be *Cuckolds* General,
Then ſhall his *Lady Black* be waiting their,
Upon her amorous Squire in the Fair;
Whileſt that he's lovely *Dutcheſs* and her Blade,
Walk to and fro their to promote a Trade,
And he great Spark of Honour on his Head
Hath ſtately Horns, which is not tipt with Lead,
Nor yet with Silver, nor no ſort of Mettle,
Which ſhews ſome Ruffins beat upon the Kettle
Of his good *Dutcheſs*, now he's force to go
With Horns, on *Tipt*, which is to his great woe;
But had ſhe with her Kettle brought ſome Gold,
I had no need this Story for to told,
And truly *Squire*, I needs muſt take your part,
For were it my Caſe it would break my Heart,
To ſee my Doxy ſell her Ware for nought,
And crack her Pipkin, and no Money brought
Into the Caſh, and force me for to walk,
In *Cuckolds* order, and be a Town-talk,
Unto my Friends who knows me for to be
A Boon Companion and good Company.
But ſince I am one of the Forcked Crew,
I will be noble and my Perſon ſhew,
And to my Wifes good Summons I'll appear,
Becauſe by Fortune, it is my firſt Year;
But ſhe knows beſt whether it be ſo or no,
This is the firſt time that I it did know.
Now ſhe unworthy Slut to work for nought,
And with plain Horns me to the Fair hath brought;
But had ſhe tipt them well with yellow Boys,
I ſhould not much have cared for their noiſe.
Now muſt I go my ways and be content,
Since I'm *Cuckold*, and my Money ſpent.
Good Sir, I'm ſorry you ſhould be my Theam,
Little did I the laſt Night of this *Dream*.
Or in the leaſt to write of *Eſquier Ketch*,
Who went moſt boldly his good Wife to fetch
In open Court him *Cuckold* there to prove,
Becauſe by chance ſhe had another Love,
But ſince it's ſo, ſhe you a Chriſtian made,
Contented be, ſhe will not loſe her Trade.

Licenſed according to Order.

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